

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
1219 Spruce Street

June 4, 1888

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Mother:

Have just received Father's letter enclosing several others. I do not see how I missed getting the one at the office for I inquired every two or three days. However, it is all right now.

I wrote you last Wednesday, I believe. Thursday morning I started to take a survey of Fairmount Park. Went up 9th St. for a car and seeing the Mercantile Library across the street, stepped in to take a look at it. Was walking around when it occurred to me to look for Burke's Heraldry, a book in which Will [his oldest brother] told me I could find something bearing on the Moffett family history. I found a whole alcove devoted to books on Heraldry, Peerages, Baronetcies, etc. In consequence I spent all Thursday morning searching for material for My History of the family. Did not find a great deal, though I feel rewarded for I did discover some references to Moffetts' chief of which is this from Burke's General Armory. "Moffat of That Ilk, Annandale; a very ancient border family, influential and powerful so far back as the time of Wallace, and conspicuous for the deadly feud which existed between them & the Johnstones; De Moffat was Bishop of Glasgow early in the 12th century, and the armorial bearings of all the different branches seem to indicate connection with the church." Then follows a description of the armor, etc. in technical terms. Another from [the] same place gives "Moffat - Lander Co[unty], Berwick. Motto "Spero Meliora".

So much learned here. Now for Hagerstown & Baltimore. That was Friday morning instead of Thursday. It was Thursday I wrote you. Friday afternoon Jesse Wilson (a McC[ormick] Middler) & Mrs. Whilldin with whom he is staying, took me with them up the Delaware River 20 miles to Bristol and return. It was a beautiful ride and gave me an opportunity to see something of Phila's suburbs and the Penn. & N.J. villages. There is a truly marked contrast between this & the West. People here do every thing so quietly, no fuss, no bustle and stir. Even the deck-hands are quiet. The towns along the river are decidedly slow but the river is beautiful. I expected to find more hills along the river but it is quite level.

When Father, Tom & I reach Philadelphia I think it will be well for us to go down the river by boat to Cape May - giving us 2 or 3 hours there. Round trip \$1.00. Then when we leave for N.Y. we can go up by boat to Trenton for 40¢ and from there by train to Princeton. That will give us a beautiful ride, an opportunity to see more of country and customs and will cost us less than the train, though taking a little longer time.

Friday night I went to Chambers Presbyterian Ch[urch] Prayer Meeting - Dr. Hoyt. Saturday morning I went to Laurel Hill Cemetery & East Fairmount Park. Had a pretty long walk but enjoyed it very much. The cemetery is beautifully located on bluffs of the Schuylkill. Expect to see West Park this week. Saturday afternoon by way of variety Wilson & I went to base ball match between Phila & Chicago. Chicagos were defeated.

Yesterday I saw & heard a great deal. In the morning attended Dr. Dickey's S[unday]

S[chool] & Church. Sunday School rather small and lifeless. Sermon on Rom. 8:29-30, "The Absolute Security of Believers". It was a sermon for Communion service.

In the afternoon I went over to the Tabernacle Church (Dr. McCook's). They have afternoon service, just after Sunday School. I attended both. Went into Young Men's Bible Class and had a Scotchman for teacher. Dr. McCook preached on "We are more than Conquerors through him that loved us". It seemed to me to be composed of a great deal of scattered shot. The Church is a very large one - well arranged but not very beautiful in the interior. So far I think Chicago is ahead both as to churches & preachers.

At night I went to First Baptist Church to hear Dr. Boardman, a step-son of Adoniram Judson, the great missionary. Was disappointed for he has gone to Europe and I heard Dr. Weston of Crozer Theol. Seminary.

Was interrupted yesterday morning while writing this by hearing the fire engines, etc. just outside my window. Went out expecting to see a fire but there was none. Afterwards I went with Wilson to the Mint and then to Ministers' meeting. Didn't see or learn much at either place. In the afternoon I called upon Dr. Baker in reference to City Missions and found out what I had previously discovered - that Philadelphia differs from all other large cities in that it has so many homes & comparatively so few foreigners that mission work as conducted in Chicago, New York, etc. is unknown here. They have no mission stations. They establish churches with settled pastors. Afterwards Wilson & I spent the afternoon in the Academy of Natural Sciences and visited the Roman Cath. Cathedral.

At night we heard Bishop Taylor of Africa in the Grace M[ethodist] E[piscopal] Church. He it is who is establishing the self-supporting Missions in Africa. I venture to say that by next Saturday I will know a great deal about Phila. Am seeing both sides of life. Some parts are filthy & foul, others beautiful. Am surprised at a good many things and very much pleased with others. Will write you when I finish my survey of the city, what I think of it.

This morning we go to Residence portion of West Phila[delphia].

Lovingly,

Sam  
1219 Spruce St. [Philadelphia]

(Original in the collection of Alice Moffett Starkey, daughter of Charles Hull Moffett. Alice was the first grandchild of Samuel Austin Moffett and the only one he lived to baptize. Photo-copy in the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Hagerstown, Maryland

June 9, 1888

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Mother:

We are on classic ground. We now tread where our forefathers trod. The streets which once echoed the sounds of our fathers' voices now resound with the words and laughter of the present generation of Moffetts. How familiar the names - Hunenichons. Updegraff, Funkhouser, Swartz, Werner, etc., etc.

I reached this spot at 2:40. Repaired to the Hamilton Hotel and obtained Rooms 16 & 18 - connected, and then walked through the town until 4:05 when I met Father & Tom at station. We walked for an hour before supper and saw the house of Grandpa Moffett - the house of the Shumans, the old Market house where Pa used to play ball and the church where he was baptized - the pew he sat in - the "same old bench he polished with his little breeches", etc., etc.

We visited the church-yard and saw the graves of Grandpa Moffett and of Father's sister, Mary Jane. We then returned to the hotel and have just finished supper.

I fill up the blank pages that I may send both letters. That's the kind of course writing I like. I can read such writing with solid comfort. My eyes are beginning to feel the effect of so much reading & writing.

We go out for another walk and tomorrow shall go to the same old church (tho it is no longer a Presbyterian church - a Baptist, I believe). Monday will begin the search for historical facts.

Father is enjoying this hugely and I am quite sure Tom & I are, tho not to the same extent. Don't know what our plans are.

Lovingly,

Sam

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PARK  
UNIVERSITY<sup>SM</sup>

Oct. 19, 1888

January 13, 2005

Dear Joyce –

Here are a few of Mary Hayden Gifford's letters I promised you so long ago. One of the big problems is that scanning takes so much time and we do not have student workers who are capable of doing this the way I know it should be done. I will make an effort to continue as I have time.

The past three years have been Hellish, as you can imagine. It was a roller coaster without end. Everyone thought he had it beat there for a while.

I just put one foot in front of the other.

Hope you are well and enjoying your new home. Thanks so much for nudging me last week!

Fondly,

*Carolyn*

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Written on board  
ship on her way out,  
Oct. 1888.

Ec.

Steamer Galia Oct. 19<sup>th</sup>

Dear Sister;

I have written  
to be asking her to send my  
letter by you or a second  
letter which only be a repetition.  
Have had a very pleasant  
voyage. Will probably be  
aboard only three more days.  
It will be three weeks longer  
since we left San Francisco.  
I arrived there the Friday  
noon after you left me.  
Was so bewildered and had  
so much to do that I was  
to get more than two letters  
written before we left the

San Francisco - Yokohama  
3 weeks - 3 days.

hotel. I had to go around  
and make the acquaintance  
of the rest of the party, which  
with the reception at the  
church took all the P.M.

The next morning was short  
as I slept late to make up  
for lost time, and we left  
the hotel at one P.M. Found  
time however, to write home  
and to Mrs. Park as she  
requested. One of the  
gentlemen bought my chair  
for me. The price was \$3.50.  
It is a nice seat. It will be very  
nice and comfortable in  
my room.

We are all eager for  
the first-glimpse of land.  
Think I will have to wait  
only a day or two in Yokohama,  
and will have pleasant company.

as a large party go on  
with me to Shanghai.

The "ship doctor" who sits  
at our table is worse than  
that wretch we met on the  
train, but goes at it in  
a different way. Don't get  
so completely bewildered  
as did he. Perhaps I have  
become wiser also, in that  
I don't attempt a reply  
to any one who makes state-  
ment that he doesn't believe  
himself. We had a  
most lovely sunset, last  
evening. Just as it was sinking  
into the water, the moon  
rose. The evening was one of  
the most pleasant we have  
had. After dinner I went -



upon deck and remained till ten. Dr. Powers had his fardjo, - was doubtful about the el+, and played some of the old songs such as "Down upon the Swanee ribber," which Dr. Hattwick, who has a very melodious voice, sang. The sea was very calm, and the beauty of the moon, the water together with the intense darkness broken only by the <sup>light</sup> heaving of the waves or the strains of music, awakened very pleasant sensations.

Now don't think I am growing sentimental, for really I am not. Am so far from it that my roommates call me the Puritan. By the way, have discovered that I am possessed of a power of which



I had never dreamed, and had I lived in the days of the Pilgrim fathers perhaps my lot would have been dealt out the same. One of the girls has been very sick. After she became convalescent I began combing her hair, one morning when I saw the greatest change come over her that I was alarmed. Before I began she was bright and cheerful, to our great-encouragement; she soon grew languid, however, and before I had finished appeared to be almost-unconscious of what was going on. The Dr. came in just then. In trying to talk with

6.  
him she used signs as she  
had been accustomed in teach-  
ing the deaf. He succeeded  
in arousing her, and when  
she was wholly herself again  
she turned to me laughing  
and said "You are the re-  
sponsible party for my  
ridiculous behavior. The  
magnetism from your  
fingers goes to my very toes".  
So the next night when  
she was restless I attempted  
to put her asleep. The  
magnetism, however, was so  
strong that it was painful  
to her. Of course it is her  
nervous condition that makes  
her so sensitive to it.

Am anxious to hear  
how snugly you have got  
to house keeping in your

our home. A visit to that  
 mountain home of mine is  
 one of my dreams for the  
 future. The dear folks has  
 a prospect of going out next  
 summer, though if the children  
 don't worry me too much  
 I wish very much they  
 might stay longer than  
 one year. Those few  
 minutes spent with brother  
 Spence were very pleasant  
 ones indeed. I wished  
 more than ever, that the  
 rest of the family might know  
 him.

I am ever so eager to  
 get settled again. It was  
 four weeks last Thursday  
 since I started, and must



8.

be "on the move" for at least  
two weeks longer. Can scarcely  
realize how it will seem  
to lie down in a motionless  
bed again.

Sat. 20<sup>th</sup> - We expect to reach  
Hong Kong in evening, and  
will finish my letters today.  
The sea is beautifully calm,  
and every one is looking forward  
eagerly to the hour in which  
they may again set foot on dry  
land. A flying fish  
sighted on the deck last  
evening, and this morning a  
whale appeared above the  
water. I want to get  
some little curiosities for  
Yokohama for the children.  
A lady on board who has  
been to Japan before says  
very pretty little things which

would easily be sent by mail  
 can be bought for a few cents.  
 If it were not so expensive  
 would send a telegram home  
 upon my arrival. The cost  
 of a message is about \$18.  
 Just at this point of my  
 letter writing a school of por-  
 poises was discovered and all  
 laid aside their various oc-  
 cupations to watch them. They  
 were playing, and would jump  
 well out of the water. There  
 is no fear of however, that I  
 could not tell just what they  
 looked like.

The passengers we to  
 have a farewell concert  
 tonight. It will be the fifth  
 I believe. But they have had

Telegram: Japan  
 to USA # 18









view from the upper veranda, as Mrs. D's residence  
is high up on the hill side. The bay runs almost  
shut-in by mountains, those outside the city, many  
of them, cultivated to the top. The scenery is exceedingly  
picturesque. Nagasaki is said to be the most beau-  
tiful place in Japan, which is saying a good deal.  
In the afternoon we went out shopping - Mrs.  
H. doing the shopping and the rest of us enjoying  
the novelty of the exhibitions in the bazaar. I did  
indulge in a little light stationery, as you have seen.  
There is a great temptation to spend money at these  
places where there are so many beautiful things  
to be had so cheaply. Think when I go home I shall  
indulge quite freely. I thought of Flavia especially  
when we were in the Japanese table ware establish-  
ment. The folks at home might consider the mis-  
sionary families extravagant should they see what  
beautiful looking tables they get out, not considering  
how reasonably they get nice dishes here. Monday  
evening we had callers, some of the ladies from  
the boys and girls' schools. Mrs. D. has a piano  
and as Mrs. H. is an excellent musician, she  
was able to add much to the enjoyment of the evening.  
Tuesday A. M. we again went shopping. I bought  
a toilet set as Mrs. H. said she was positive that  
I would not be sent from G. I. Could have gotten  
a beautiful one for \$4, but didn't feel that I  
could give that when I could get one that would  
do just as well for \$2.50. The one I selected was  
blue and white - not very pretty. It includes pitcher,  
wash bowl, mug, soap and tooth brush in the glass  
chamber. They packed it carefully, and I think  
I will have no trouble in getting it to Seoul  
without breaking. When we came aboard I had it  
brought into my stateroom, thinking it safer  
there than in the hold. Mrs. Davison told me  
she would do my purchases for the furniture.



...when I find out what I want.  
...and being  
...from ... with ...  
...I speak of any thing costing ...  
...one equivalent ... of our home money.  
...Mr. Frankie ...  
...Christian ...  
...years ...  
...The ...  
...beautifully situated  
...since ...  
...to take the mission ...  
...I had been giving Frankie  
...and he really played ...  
...  
...to her astonishment  
...be obliged to keep her on the  
...for two months, letting her practice at  
...times. The position of her hands was faulty  
...of some of the fingers not properly  
...I hope she can practice on the ...  
...and that she can have the best of  
...teachers. We were invited to dine with the teachers the  
...evening, which we did. Miss Russell has seen ...  
...longer than any of the others. Believe she was the  
...founder of the school. Has the cutest little ...  
...girl about three years of age. She took her ...  
...three days ...  
...Every three weeks the missionaries of  
...the place meet socially. They have a programme, literary  
...and musical. Tuesday evening was the time for the ...  
...meeting and as it was election day at home the people  
...took that tone. Five reasons for favoring the election  
...of each of the three candidates and five why women  
...should have a voice in the election, were required of  
...four different parties. The answer at roll call



four different-parties. The answer at roll call  
was to be given by stating on what-side we should  
vote. Although our party were strangers our names  
were called with the rest. I say strangers but hardly  
justly, for Mr H was well acquainted with the circle and  
~~the women~~ ~~socially~~ ~~that~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~days~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~  
Mrs. H and I could hardly feel that we were strangers.  
True to the U. S. W. I voted for Fish and was  
applauded. Some were "independents," one or two  
some for Harrison, none for Cleveland, and among those  
that took a definite stand the majority were prohibition-  
ists. Cleveland's side had to be maintained by a reput-  
-ation as there was not a democrat among the  
missionaries. So far as I discovered the same was true at  
Sopokama. Though the speeches were almost im-  
promptu they were excellent. The one by Miss Russell  
gave fine reasons for woman's suffrage brought down  
the house. She is an old maid of perhaps forty-five and  
witty enough. She didn't expect the brethren to  
be able to comprehend the first four reasons till  
the women had demonstrated their validity, but  
the fifth certainly came within the range of their  
comprehension powers, the reason given by editors,  
public speakers, men of reason generally, "because  
we had some eyesight - an eye for an eye" ~~the~~ ~~crime~~ ~~by~~  
Miss Bond and Mrs. Furbert. The next day we left  
about at eleven o'clock. The lampas riding from  
atone to shore and back a game as getting to learn  
old story. Haven't been in a harbor since leaving  
San F. in which we could sail up to the wharf. The  
lampas are light-little boats rowed often by only  
one man. Some times they have little cabins. As soon as  
the vessel stops at a port it is surrounded by them  
in a very short-time. The river for some distance out  
from Nagasaki is much as I have imagined that of the  
Rhine to be. The straits is quite narrow and  
the hills come down to the water edge. At one place  
in a most romantic cove one discovered a picturesque  
ascent from the water edge to a small temple or shrine  
almost hidden among the trees. As we passed a boat was  
moored in the covey little cove, and another was approach-  
ing. At another beautiful spot



Letter from Mary Eugenie Hayden

Nov. 25, 1888 (later 17/18)

would be so  
seems to me during  
the day as the  
Alman had ar-  
rived at Chemal  
- for yesterday.  
I believe I left  
Mrs. B. said  
that if any  
mail came for  
me she would  
send it up.  
I go to my study  
about nine o'clock  
and remain till  
eleven - one P.M.  
My teacher goes  
there to give me  
my lesson, after  
which I spend  
a while with  
the girls. I have  
heard Chong's  
lesson when the  
Salem men took  
the letters.

because just now there is nothing I can do  
to do anything, and my pen is not  
hand. I'm feeling a little discouraged  
this evening because I can't do  
so little; but things will come out  
of this just as well as was on my  
trying to write to Mrs. B. after. Have  
five things; though they will be  
a little up in a few days. As I was  
writing Mrs. B. came in and insisted  
on my joining them in the sitting  
room. I came into the room and  
made a remark in the effect that I  
was suffering, upon which Mrs. B.  
that is not the question. She said  
then it was not a matter of time to  
speak so just at that time.

This is a story about some  
people from San Francisco  
landings. Building is a  
hard day here.  
However, the  
staying here.





Letter from  
Mary Eugenie Hayden (later Eppard) 1888

Seoul Dec 21st

Dear Sister; It is very near Christmas and you are no doubt busy with preparations for that day. Mrs. B. has been getting together things for different members of the circle - for some time. She makes a great many presents. As she can find some things at some of the stores she sends some. It is P.M. I have just finished a bag for shoes which he is making for Mr. Lee Ong, a member of the Chinese legation. But as I shall not mail this till late afternoon I will not take any that subject.

Spent to prayer meeting last evening as usual on Thursday evenings. One of the new comers led. The meeting was unusually interesting. Mr. Underwood's theological class is now organized and I am to follow twice a week. One hour in the P.M. The men practice note by note sometimes making repeated efforts before they can strike a certain tone. One feature is that they are willing to try.

Got in a good sleep this, yesterday. Seven hours. Spent two hours in writing the interrogative forms of about thirty of the verbs. Each has six forms. Write them in the Korean characters, of which I will send you a sample. Can you be most of them?

As with the teacher, that was the girls share of, the girls help in the work. A woman who has the oversight of all understands English I am compelled to phrase right into the Korean. Signs and motions go a long way however, I do not always mind. I give the man a certain amount of wood every evening for the fire under our floor. One good fire keeps the room warm all day. I am sure he uses some for his own fire, however. An honest Korean is an exception, as well as a truthful one. It is very trying to feel that one must watch those they want to trust.

He builds the fire at 2.30 A.M. I go up a mile  
or a little later, so girls are doing nicely so far.  
I had a long hard walk today with Mr. Jones.  
We went to the top of Nam San, a mountain partly  
within the city walls. It is much the shape of  
Pilot Knob but higher, and more steeply cut by  
ravines. It is not so rocky, but in some places is  
very steep. The city wall runs up two sides and  
takes in the summit. It is covered with pine  
timber and has no underbrush, so that the walks  
are very pleasant. As we were enjoying it today, I  
wished I could describe the scene <sup>to you</sup> vividly  
that you could just see it. It was late in the  
P.M. and the clouds were right with rays of  
the setting sun while the mountain peaks rising  
one above another till in the distance their outlines  
were hardly visible were veiled in the peculiar  
Tigajan summer haze. Just ~~just~~ at the foot  
of the mountain lay the city which looked much  
better at that distance than closer. Even at that  
height we could hear the hum of voices from below.  
~~and~~ Off beyond the wall in the valley immediately  
surrounding, and ~~between~~ through the gaps between the  
mountains we could see the winding Hon Kong.  
I have never seen anything so picturesque as these  
mountains. Nam San is the only one that is timbered.  
The others are pineless, bare, but at a distance  
in the best. Their outlines are angular, or wild  
owing to the many ravines, the light and shadows  
of their slopes mingle most harmoniously. I find  
first a quiet looking spot at the mountain as soon  
as we get outside the gate at Mrs. B's, as there is nothing  
pleasant nearer. One can't look up much, however,  
as his attention is needed as to his foot steps.  
The top of Nam San is a small, very small, table land.



The most useful place for a home were it not for  
the ascent. There were a few enormous trees growing  
much like the Elm. I don't know what they were. No  
stones; no underbrush; but a beautiful grass plot.  
On this height are five stone altars on <sup>four of</sup> which  
fires are lighted every night. These four are a signal  
that all is well. The fifth is a signal of danger.

These signals are repeated on the different mountain  
peaks for the distance of four hundred miles. The  
altars are built of stones and the ashes of last night's  
fires were still fresh when we looked in. The  
only buildings on the summit were the houses of  
the man who has charge of the fires, and a soothsayer  
who has a kind of chapel, quite an artistic affair  
for Korea. She gave us permission to enter.

The room was about ten by sixteen. A mat was  
on the floor while the walls were covered with  
rude pictures, attempts at paintings. On a shelf  
extending across one side of the room were clusters  
of what in the dim light looked to me like paper  
flowers. The room was faultlessly clean. This  
is in the estimation of the Koreans the height of  
grandeur. The house, or dwelling place of the  
soothsayer or soothsayer is just a few steps  
from this building. The view ~~is~~ is magnificent  
and the pine grove, level ground, and grass  
plot - make such a nice place for a home it  
seems ~~as if~~ as if that no one else should enjoy it.  
It was dark when we reached home, having  
been almost three hours making the trip. This  
is the fourth walk I have taken with Mr. J.  
so that at this rate we will "do" Seoul and the  
vicinity before many months. Last Wed. we went  
outside the city wall. Mr. B. taught and sang

"Look here, sister, you will wear out - all your shoes if you don't stop this walking." The next minute he says seriously, "Walk, Miss Haydon, just as much as you can; and I know which he means. He tries hard to be provoking when he can do it - without hurting one's feelings. This evening after supper I won't play one of the three games at dominoes, and to get his revenge in some way he would remark when ever occasion offered, upon the effect of having I am sure. You know you can trust me with a box of twenty one, however, I am sure.

The mail came in this morning, but - in the package was nothing for me. But - this P.M. a letter from Ina and David's picture were brought - one having been sent - over to Dr. Heron's, instead of being put - with Mr. B's mail though they were sent - in care of Mrs. B. There is no danger of the mail getting lost - in this way, however, for - all know how precious letters are, and would take care that they reached their destination. The burning of Peidmont was a serious affair. What will Mr. Lindsay do? As to the money coming to me from the land, please do with it as I say. I have been looking forward to spring when I should have money enough saved to send some home. But - if you will take half of this and give Ina half it will save me the trouble of getting a check till later. I want you both to take it and use it - as you need, and if you don't write to me that you have done so I shall proceed to take steps toward securing a check or some such.





mirror from Mrs. B. The mirror is an excellent glass. The Chinese merchant - from whom I bought - two chairs and two stants - one for my study, and one for the school room - sent me a large fruit-cake. It is his custom to treat his customers. As Mrs. Mrs. B. had one and from him, we have a couple on hand.

Christmas eve Mr. Thompson invited all the boys, and some others to his house. He had a pleasant time. Music - organ, singing, and vocal - and chorades were the order of the evening's entertainment. Had the honor of being escorted to refreshment by Mr. Condo, the Japanese minister. He talks English, and it is quite interesting to notice his attention to his wife when out among English talking people. She doesn't talk the language at all. He keeps close by at her side to interpret for her. Quite a number of the Koreans were admitted to follow where they might watch the proceedings of the evening. A male quartette, Messrs. Hulbert, Gifford, Bunker and Jones, all whom you have heard me mention sang several comic songs; among them "Blow ye winds" which perhaps you have heard. In it is much sweeping, a profusion of handkerchiefs profusely used till a great pile of them accumulated on the floor. Among the audience also is a profuse use of handkerchiefs, but - only to stifle uproarious laughter. We can imagine how such a scene would appear to one looking on but - unable to understand anything said. The natives were much puzzled and it was quite as difficult for Mr. Underwood to give a satisfactory explanation. It was after twelve before we returned home, so were up rather late Christmas morning. It didn't seem just like Christmas to have no one around showing "Christmas gift." Only we three persons in the house. Our presents were arranged on the breakfast-table. I gave Mrs. B. a water bottle and glass. Presume you have seen water



cripple the cause. I hope none of us will be guilty  
of standing back for fear of personal danger. The  
M. E. s are setting up a press for the purpose of  
printing in the native language. Phongee, the  
eldest of my two girls, can read in her own language  
and am having her read much the only part of the  
Bible now in print. Some child in the  
house just over our southwest wall was taken  
with small pox a few days ago. As is the custom when  
one is taken with that disease, a great crowd gathered  
and spent the night in beating what is supposed  
to us like lime pans, in order to drive away the  
evil spirit. We three peeped over the wall.  
The yard was lighted up, and they were apparently  
having a picnic. The prospect for a night's slat  
was not very flattering, especially to me as my  
room is in the southwest part of the house.  
But by bedtime the noise became monotonous  
and found me trouble whatever. The next  
night the same thing was repeated a few doors  
below our gate. It is an exception if a  
native lives to be of age without having small-  
pox. I believe only two foreigners have ever been  
known to have it here.

Can you send me some pansy seeds real  
or? I would like so much to have some early. The  
ly of the valley grows wild here. Mt. Mrs. O's.  
I saw a collection of music which I think you  
would like. It is the "Franklin Square," published  
in five parts, each 5 cts. No. 2 consists of  
a large number of the familiar and popular  
songs, both sacred and secular. Nos. of no. 5  
were new to me. Received Flavia's picture by  
last mail, but wondered that no letter accompa-  
nied it. Haven't heard from her since. I bade  
her good-bye for the cars, must write to her by  
next mail. Please send my letter to her & I love.  
I wish you more than a "Happy New Year"  
Sincerely, Yours,  
(Mary Hayden Lippard)







NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN AND KOREA.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

YOKOHAMA. Rev. A. A. Bennett, A. W., 67-r, Bluff. Mrs. F. A. Brown, 67-a, Bluff. Miss E. L. Johnson, 74, Bluff. Miss L. M. Eaton, 73, Bluff. Miss C. A. Sando, 73, Bluff. Rev. C. K. Harrington, A. W., 252, Bluff.

TOKYO. Rev. C. H. D. Fisher, A. W., absent. Rev. F. G. Harrington, A. W., 30, Tsukiji. Miss A. H. Kidder, 10, Fukuro Mochi, Suruga-dai. Miss M. A. Whitman, 10, Fukuro Mochi, Suruga-dai. Miss A. M. Claggett, 10, Fukuro Mochi, Suruga-dai.

KOBE. Rev. H. H. Rhoads, A. W., 5, Hill. Rev. J. A. Thomson, A. W., 141, Hill.

SHIMONOSEKI. Rev. G. A. Appleton, A. W., absent.

SENDAI. Rev. E. H. Jones, A. W., 3, Nakajima-cho. Miss H. M. Brown, 52, Higashi San-anchu. Miss N. E. Fido, 52, Higashi San-anchu. Rev. R. L. Hubsey, A. W., 34, Higashi San-anchu.

MORIOKA. Rev. J. P. East, A. W., 13, 536 Meiji-cho.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY. Rev. Henry Leomin, A. W., Agent, 42, Yokohama.

AMERICAN BOARD MISSION. KOME. Rev. J. L. Atkinson, A. W., 18, Hill. D. C. Jencks, A. W., absent. Miss M. J. Barrow, 1, Hill. Miss A. Y. Davis, absent. Miss A. L. Hoop, 1, Hill. Miss J. K. Dudley, 1, Hill. Miss R. M. Brown, 36, Hill. Miss K. B. Gunnison, 36, Hill. Miss S. A. Scarle, 36, Hill.

OSAKA. Rev. George Allchin, A. W., 24, Concession. Rev. A. T. Gulick, A. W., absent. Wallace Taylor, M. D., A. W., 15, Concession. Miss A. M. Colby, 25, Concession. Miss Mary Poole, Bankwa-cho Gakko. Miss A. Langhulst, Bankwa-cho Gakko. Miss F. Gardner, Bankwa-cho Gakko.

KYOTO. J. C. Berry, M. D., A. W., Nishinoki-cho. Edmund Buckley, A. W., A. W., Nishinoki-cho. Rev. M. R. James, A. W., Imadegawa-dori. Rev. D. W. Leonard, M. D., A. W., Imadegawa-dori. Rev. J. D. Davis, M. D., A. W., Kiyasumaru-dori. Rev. M. L. Gordon, M. D., A. W., Kiyasumaru-dori. Rev. C. M. Cady, A. W., Kiyasumaru-dori. Rev. A. W. Stanford, A. W., Kiyasumaru-dori. S. C. Bartlett, Jr., A. W., Muro-machi. Miss M. E. Wainwright, Doshisha Girl's School, Imadegawa-dori.

Miss F. White, Doshisha Girl's School, Imadegawa-dori. Miss Mary Denton, Doshisha Hospital, Kiyasumaru-dori. Miss L. J. Richards, Doshisha Hospital, Kiyasumaru-dori. Miss Ida V. Smith, Doshisha Hospital, Kiyasumaru-dori.

OBAYAMA. Rev. Olla Cary, Jr., A. W., absent. Rev. J. H. Pollock, A. W., Higashi Yama. Rev. George M. Rowland, A. W., Higashi Yama. Miss A. Gill, Higashi Yama. Miss Eliza Tulett, Higashi Yama. Miss Ida McLouen, Higashi Yama.

NIIGATA. Rev. George E. Ahmicht, A. W., 25, Gakko-cho. Rev. Dorcas Scudder, M. D., A. W., 108, Banko Niban-cho. Miss Kate Scudder, 108, Banko Niban-cho. Miss K. M. Graves, 28, Minami Hama-dori. Miss G. Cozad, 28, Minami Hama-dori. Miss J. Cozad, 28, Minami Hama-dori. Miss K. C. Judson, 28, Minami Hama-dori.

SENDAI. Rev. W. W. Curtis, A. W., 3, Rokken-cho. Rev. J. H. De Forest, A. W., 27, Katsurumachi. Rev. F. N. White, A. W., 3, Rokken-cho. Miss M. Meyer, 3, Rokken-cho. Miss A. H. Bradshaw, 3, Rokken-cho.

NAOYATA. Rev. H. B. Howell, Sakai no Uye Mochi.

KUMAGOTO. Rev. C. A. Clark, A. W. Miss M. J. Clark. Rev. O. H. Gulick, A. W. Rev. S. L. Gulick, A. W. Miss J. A. Gulick.

TOKYO. Rev. D. C. Osborne, M. D., A. W., absent.

MAIBASHI. Miss M. H. Shed.

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NARA. Rev. Isaac Douvan, A. W.

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TOKYO.

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YONEZAWA. Rev. J. G. Cleveland, A. W. Rev. G. W. Elmer, A. W. Miss R. J. Watson.

FUKUOKA. Miss L. B. Smith, 31, Imabe-cho. Miss Belle J. Allen, 31, Imabe-cho. Miss J. M. Gheer, absent.

NAGASAKI. Rev. J. C. Davison, A. W., Onna, Higashi Yama. Rev. D. S. Spencer, A. W., Onna, Higashi Yama. Rev. Chas. Bishop, A. W., Onna, Higashi Yama. Rev. J. Johnson, A. W., Onna, Higashi Yama. Miss E. Russell, Onna, Higashi Yama. Miss E. A. Kwooling, Onna, Higashi Yama. Miss M. J. Elliott, Onna, Higashi Yama. Miss L. Bug, Onna, Higashi Yama.

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HIROSAKI. Rev. J. Wier, A. W. Miss M. S. Hampton.

AMORI. Rev. D. N. McInturf, A. W.

KOREA. Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, A. W., Seoul. W. B. Scranton, M. D., A. W., Seoul. Mrs. M. F. Scranton. Rev. P. Obfinger, A. W., Seoul. Miss M. Howard, M. D., Seoul. Miss L. Rothweiler, Seoul. Rev. G. H. Jones, Seoul.

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MATSUYAMA. Rev. C. B. Mosley.

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OITA. S. H. Wainright, M. D., A. W.

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OSAKA. Rev. T. T. Alexander, A. W., absent. Rev. J. B. Porter, A. W., 33, Concession. Rev. B. C. Burworth, A. W., 32, Concession. Miss A. R. Garvin, Ichi Jo Gakko, Uyenmachi. Miss Alice Hawthorth, Ichi Jo Gakko, Uyenmachi. Miss Cora B. Lufferty, Ichi Jo Gakko, Uyenmachi. Rev. J. P. Hearst, A. W., absent. Rev. G. C. Woodhull, A. W., 16, Concession.

KANZAWA. Rev. T. C. Winn, A. W., 45, Tobi-umae-cho. Miss F. Porter. Miss M. K. Hesser. Mrs. L. M. Naylor. Rev. M. C. Hayes, A. W. Rev. A. G. Taylor, A. W. Rev. J. M. Leonard, A. W.

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BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, ENGLISH. TOKYO. Rev. W. J. White, A. W., B, Tsukiji. Rev. Geo. Eaves, A. W., 18-u, Tsukiji.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. No. 51, TSUKIJI, TOKYO. Geo. Braithwaite, Acting Agent.

CANADIAN CHURCH MISSION. NAGOYA. Rev. J. Cooper Robinson.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF AMERICA. TOKYO. Rev. D. F. Jones, A. W., 86, Echibe-cho, Azabu.

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SHONAI, YAMAGATA KEN. Rev. E. Smolgrass, A. W. Rev. C. E. Grist, A. W.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONARY SOCIETY. TOKYO. Rev. J. Williams, A. W., 52, Tsukiji. Rev. P. K. Fyson, A. W., 51, Tsukiji.

OSAKA. Rev. H. Evington, A. W., 4, Concession. Rev. C. F. Warren, A. W., 3, Concession. Rev. G. H. Pale, A. W., 23, Concession. Rev. G. Chapman, 18, Concession. Rev. W. J. Kilnord, A. W., 36, Concession. Rev. T. Dunn, A. W., 9, Concession. Miss R. Tristram. Miss M. A. Tapson. Miss D. Basson. Miss O. Julius.

TOKUSHIMA. Rev. W. P. Buncombe, A. W., Tonita-machi.

NAGASAKI. The Ven. Archdeacon Maundrell, 9, Deshima. Rev. A. R. Fuller. Mrs. E. Goodall.

FUKUOKA. Rev. A. B. Hutchison, A. W.

KUMAMOTO. Rev. J. B. Brandram. Rev. Brandram. Rev. W. Weston. Miss Smith.

HAKODATE. Rev. Walter Andrews, A. W. Mr. J. Batchelor, A. W.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN MISSION. OSAKA. Rev. A. D. Hill, A. W., 19, Concession. Rev. J. B. Hill, A. W., 13, Concession. Miss J. H. Lovvitt, 19, Concession. Miss Rena Reznor, 22, Concession. Rev. G. W. Van Horne, A. W.

WAKAYAMA. Rev. G. G. Hudson, A. W. Miss B. A. Duffield.

NAGOYA. Mrs. A. M. DePuhan.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA. TOKYO. Rev. F. W. Vogelein, A. W., 50, Tsukiji. Rev. F. W. Fischer, A. W., 41, Tsukiji. Rev. G. E. Dienst, A. W., 44-u, Tsukiji.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING FEMALE EDUCATION. OSAKA. Miss E. B. Bolton, 17, Concession. Miss L. C. Hamilton, 17, Concession.

GENERAL EVANGELICAL PROTESTANT MISSIONARY SOCIETY. (GERMAN AND SWISS.) TOKYO. Rev. Wilfrid Spawer, 12, Suzukv-cho, Suruga-dai. Rev. Otto Schmeidel, 7, Suzukv-cho, Suruga-dai.

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OSAKA. Miss Holland.

MISHIMA. Miss L. Ballagh.

NEBURO. Mrs. H. E. Carpenter. Miss L. Ayres.

METHODIST PROTESTANT MISSION. YOKOHAMA. Rev. T. H. Colhour, D. D., A. W., 120, Bluff. Miss Lottie R. Crittendon, 120, Bluff. Miss Nettie Horton, 120, Bluff. Miss M. M. Bennett, 84, Settlement. Miss J. Kimball, 81, Settlement.

YOKOHAMA. Rev. T. H. Colhour, D. D., A. W., 120, Bluff. Miss Lottie R. Crittendon, 120, Bluff. Miss Nettie Horton, 120, Bluff. Miss M. M. Bennett, 84, Settlement. Miss J. Kimball, 81, Settlement.

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NAGOYA.

Rev. F. C. Klein, A. W., absent. Rev. L. L. Albright, A. W. Miss J. B. Whetstone. MISSION OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA. TOKYO. Rev. D. Macdonald, M. D., A. W., 4, Tsukiji. Rev. J. W. Samsby, M. A., A. W., 5, Tsukiji. Rev. C. S. Rly, D. D., A. W., 18, Kasuwicho, Azabu. Rev. K. Whittington, M. A., A. W., 11, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Rev. George Cochran, M. D., A. W., 13, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. E. Odium, M. A., 13, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Rev. C. I. D. Moore, M. A., 13, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Rev. T. A. Barge, M. A., A. W., 11, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Miss S. J. Cochran, 13, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Miss M. E. Cochran, 13, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Miss S. A. Wintomute, 14, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Miss H. Lund, 14, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Miss A. Preston, 11, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu. Miss J. K. Munro, 14, Higashi Torii Zaka, Azabu.

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TOKYO. Rev. G. F. Verbeek, D. D., A. W., absent. Rev. J. L. Amermann, M. D., A. W., 19, Akashi-cho, Tsukiji. Prof. M. N. Wyckoff, A. W., 41, Shimo Takayama-cho. Rev. H. Harris, A. W., 60, Shimo Takayama-cho.

NAGASAKI. Rev. H. Stout, A. W., absent. Rev. N. H. Douvrest, A. W., absent. Rev. A. Oltmans, A. W. Miss M. E. Brokaw. Miss R. L. Irvine. R. V. S. Poole.

MORIOKA. Rev. E. Rothsay Miller, A. W., Osawakawara.

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YAMAGATA. Rev. J. P. Moore, A. W., Motokoyenii.

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KOBE. Rev. H. J. Foss, M. A. Mr. H. Huglo, absent. Mr. Geo. Poulton, absent. Miss Birkenhead.

TOKYO. Rt. Rev. R. Rickersteth, M. D., 11, Sakai-cho, Shiba.

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UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MISSION OF SCOTLAND. TOKYO. Rev. Robert Davidson, A. W., 71, Shimo Nibancho. Rev. H. Waddell, A. W., 25, Ichioji Machi. Rev. T. Lindsay, A. W., absent.

UNITARIAN. Rev. Arthur May Knapp, A. W., 5, Shiba Sennai.

WOMEN'S UNION MISSION. YOKOHAMA. Miss J. N. Crosby, 212, Bluff. Miss L. H. Pearson, 212, Bluff. Miss A. D. H. Robey, M. D., 212, Bluff. Mrs. E. Sharland, 212, Bluff. Miss A. Viole, 212, Bluff.

ST. PAUL'S ASSOCIATED MISSION. Miss Braxton Hicks, St. Paul's House, Nagasaki-cho, Azabu, Tokyo. Miss Thornton, St. Paul's House, Nagasaki-cho, Azabu, Tokyo. Miss Hartley, St. Paul's House, Nagasaki-cho, Azabu, Tokyo. Miss Snowden, St. Paul's House, Nagasaki-cho, Azabu, Tokyo.



offett, 1898

Spaird graduated with the class of 1883 "a class with the record of the largest percentage of foreign missionaries. He, the writer, and three others met in daily prayer during the Seminary course, all of these offering themselves for the foreign field and all but one coming to Japan or Korea." -p 5

-- S. A. Moffett, "Rev. William Martyn Spaird, C.S.", Korea Mission Field  
vol. 23, no. 1 (Jan. 1932) pp. 5,6

"The Gospel in All Lands"  
Vol. XIV, No. 10

Draw a line from east to west through Seoul, and what is north of it is included in my district or about two-thirds of Korea. I started to visit the principal places on this districts this spring, but after making about a third of the trip, I was called home by the U. S. Minister. This was a bitter disappointment to me, but could not be helped. I hope to visit the work in Ping Yang City, Anju, and Aichiu this fall. Our colporteur who has thoroughly examined the work in the last city, reports some twenty believers: in Ping Yang there were twelve who confessed Christ as their Saviour when I was there. Ping Yang is 185 miles from Seoul; Aichiu is 330 miles. This is in the far Northwest. Into Hankiang Do the far Northeast province, we are just entering.

The whole district contains 121 magistracies into each of which we ought to put a man—a native, I mean. Some of these districts are large, containing large cities. We have but one regular paid colporteur, the other two are students doing missionary work during vacation. I may say in passing, these young men went out of their own accord, and are paid nothing more than their traveling expenses, about five dollars a month. They go to find their own brothers. As long as we are under the ban, *i.e.*, under legal restrictions, we must use the utmost caution.

My heart was greatly touched when the paid colporteur, (he is not yet licensed to preach, but will probably be in the Fall,) told me he had turned his back to his home for a whole year's work for his Heavenly Father. Having made over the farm to his only son, to whom he also commended his invalid wife, he said: "Consider me as dead for twelve months: I go to do service for the Lord." Grand Man! Splendid worker! May he save many souls.

We have been in Korea three years, and already have several good openings on this district, and we want to push the work as much as possible.

Last week our Seoul colporteur made the report that he had just made a visit of over two hours length to the Tai Won Kun, Ex-regent, and author of the great religious persecution in 1860. He was captured in 1882, carried as prisoner to China, but returned in 1886 a changed man as far as his feelings toward foreigners were concerned. I can hardly believe that this modern Saul of Seoul should undergo such a change in feeling as to allow a Methodist colporteur to come to his house and teach him Christianity. I do not report the old ruler's conversion to our faith as yet, but I am praying for it.

The colporteur said he began reading: "Why, what is this? This is good doctrine." Occasionally he would say, "I did not know this; this is all right, etc.," He would ask questions which the colporteur would answer. The Tai Won Kun is father of the present King, and was Regent until the King attained his majority. He is an old man now, without much power and influence, and seems to mourn over the mistakes of the past.



See p. 11

# McCormick

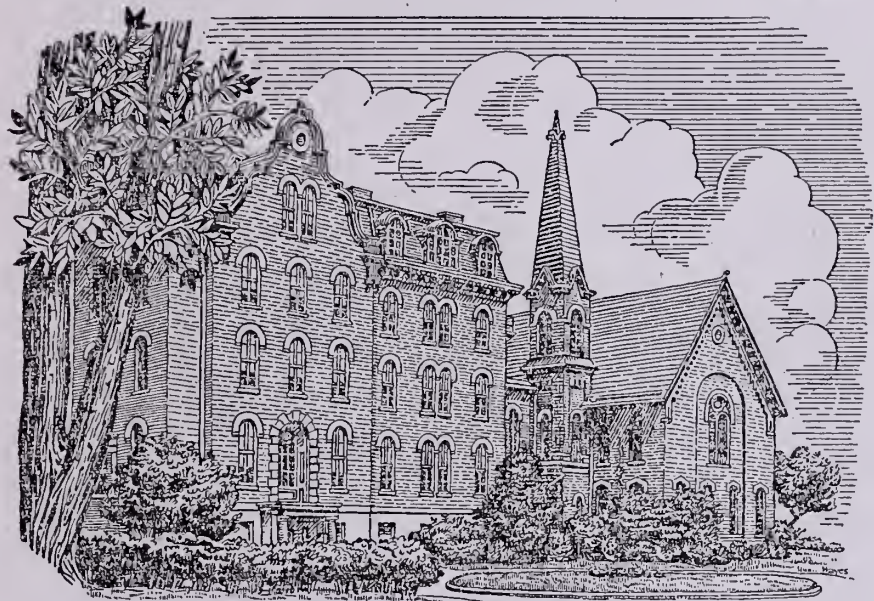
## SPEAKING

*Celebrating* One Hundred and twenty-five years of theological education in the middle west, 1829-1954

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### *Passing the Milestone*

This year McCormick Seminary is becoming aware again of its long history. On October 17th a delegation of faculty and students went to the birthplace in Hanover, Indiana, to attend special ceremonies in the Hanover Church in celebration of the founding of the Seminary. Moderators of the synods of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, all McCormick graduates, shared in the program. The anniversary year celebration was carried forward with a special address on No-



1829 - 1954



*McCormick and Missions—Then and Now*

by

Samuel Hugh Moffett\*

It is a very great privilege to have a small share in the observance of your anniversary and to speak on one hundred and twenty-five years of McCormick and Missions. That gives me about ten seconds a year! Unfortunately, for some of those years, that is quite adequate.

I must confess that it will not be easy to speak impersonally. To me, "McCormick and Missions" means in the first place, a father, an uncle, and a brother. My father, Samuel A. Moffett, of the class of 1888, one of the builders of the Korean Presbyterian Church, stands as a symbol of McCormick and foreign missions. My uncle, Thomas Moffett, class of 1894, missionary to the Navajos and for years Secretary for Indian Work of the Board of National Missions, stands for McCormick and home missions. My brother, Charles Moffett, of the class of 1934, stands in a sense for the new day in missions which has seen the breaking down of the middle wall of partition between "foreign" and "home" and the overleaping of geographical boundaries. Today the Church of Jesus Christ claims the whole inhabited earth, the "oikoumene" as the only proper undivided sphere for a world mission.

My brother is a missionary, but whether he is a home or foreign missionary I cannot tell. He is a missionary to India, but he is now on leave of absence in Louisville, Kentucky, where he is participating in a bold new experiment in the Christian approach to what Dr. Kenneth Miller calls "Protestantism's most neglected field, the city."

\*Acting Personnel Secretary, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. This address was delivered in the McCormick Chapel on Frontier Day, October 14, 1954.

But I do not need these personal references to establish the fact that McCormick has a mission at home, abroad, and in all the world. McCormick is embedded in a mission; and for one hundred and twenty-five years McCormick's men and women have been faithful to that mission.

It was as a mission that this seminary began a century and a quarter ago down in the Indiana hills at Hanover on the Ohio. "In the early 1800's," writes William A. Marlow, in the *Indianapolis Times*, May 17, 1947, "John Finley Crowe observed that ministers who came to Indiana territory after having been born and reared in the civilized life of the East, were simply not tough enough to withstand the rigors and temptations they found in Indiana. So he resolved to train a ministry of young men who had been born and reared in Indiana, and thus were prepared mentally, physically and spiritually to cope with life on the frontier." That was your beginning. In the great American tradition you were born in a log cabin on the Hanover campus, as the Theology Department of the college. And in the great Christian tradition you were born with a mission to the frontier.

I am therefore not willing to believe the McCormick catalogue which suggests that seven classes graduated from this seminary before it could produce a missionary. Dr. Robert E. Speer pointed out in his centennial address on "The Contribution of the Seminary to Foreign Missions" (*The Alumni Review*, January, 1930) that John McChord of the class of 1837 is the first name in the Catalogue with which the familiar letters of H. M. are associated. "H.M.," of course, stands for home missionary. McChord went out as a missionary, the Catalogue says, to Waco Village, Texas.

But were not all those early graduates missionaries? They may not have been called missionaries, but missionaries they were, and pioneer missionaries at that, in the thick forests of what was then the Western frontier. In the mid-1820's, the Presbytery of Salem covered almost all of Indiana and a large part of Illinois, yet had only nine ministers. It was missionary ground, and the seminary prepared its men for the mission on that ground. Its curriculum combined theology with manual labor.

I am glad to find that McCormick still stands on missionary ground. This summer I visited Hanover, as beautiful a



campus as I have seen in America. I also visited McCormick. Why in the world, I thought, did you leave the rolling hills of Hanover for the horrors of North Halsted Street? But on second thought I find Halsted Street singularly appropriate. Hanover is no longer a frontier. The frontier is here, and there is a mission here, and here is where you belong. "Three great areas which the churches have not really penetrated," says Bishop Stephen Neal of the World Council of Churches, "are Hinduism, Islam, and the modern culture of cities."

One of the highlights of the orientation program for new students at Princeton Seminary a few weeks ago was a series of challenges to Christian ministry by upper classmen based on their summer experiences. Perhaps the best report was by the young man who presented the challenge of the unpenetrated frontiers of labor and the city. It is a tribute both to McCormick's location and to its program that he came to Chicago to confront the challenge, and he came to McCormick to train to meet that challenge under Marshal Scott, in your Ministers-in-Industry project. McCormick still stands on the missionary frontier.

It may well be asked, however, if McCormick, like the Protestant Reformers, did not become so preoccupied with the urgencies of the needs at hand, that it was relatively slow in responding to the no less urgent call of its mission to an unreached world beyond. Dr. Speer counted only seventeen *foreign* missionaries going out from McCormick in its first fifty-five years of history (1829-1884). There were none from the class of 1885, either. That is 17 foreign missionaries from 617 graduates in 56 years.

But beginning with the class of 1886 something happened. McCormick exploded out into the world. It took just three classes, 1886, 1887, and 1888, to match the entire previous 56-year record of the seminary in foreign service. In 56 years McCormick had sent only 17 men to the foreign field; now these three classes alone sent 17 men overseas for Christ. I am proud to say that my father was one of those 17.

This was only the beginning. The great missionary class of McCormick Seminary, Professor Herrick Johnson used to say, was the class of 1892. Out of 46 students, 26 volunteered

for the foreign field. What is more important, 11 of them actually sailed; 5 became home missionaries; and one went to India as a Christian business man.

What triggered this explosion of missionary outreach? I am not sure that I know altogether, but probably the most important single factor was the great awakening among students that began in 1886. For 26 days that summer 251 students met and talked at Mount Hermon with Dwight L. Moody. Twenty-one of them were planning to be foreign missionaries when they came. At the end of the 26 days a full 100 had volunteered for foreign service.

That year was the great turning point for McCormick and foreign missions. There had been great missionaries before. James Priest, your first foreign missionary who graduated in 1843 and sailed at once to Liberia, served there for 40 years telling his brothers the glorious good news of salvation in Jesus Christ, in what might now be called an "ecumenical mission." Priest was colored, and this was no arrogantly white American approach to a dark and backward land. The great educationalist, W. A. P. Martin of China, was the only missionary among your alumni to receive the title, Mandarin, second degree. There was also that spiritual giant, John Hyde of the great missionary class of 1892, better known as "Praying Hyde of India."

But then the trickle of foreign missionaries became a flood. As we have seen, in the first 56 years McCormick sent 17 men to the foreign field. In the next 45 years (1885-1929) it sent out 253. And now at the end of 125 years, the record (incomplete) shows a grand total of some 335 foreign missionaries who have gone overseas from McCormick.

Your great missionary class of the last 25 years is the class of 1945, which sent 9 men and women to the foreign field under the Presbyterian Board to serve in Thailand, the Philippines, Colombia, India, and Venezuela. Wherever you go today in the wide mission of the Church, there are McCormick men at work. When I returned in 1951 from Communist China, our plane stopped briefly in Thailand. For almost a century Presbyterians have borne virtually the sole responsibility for the Protestant evangelization of that land. Today the younger leadership of the Thai mission is built



around a solid core of McCormick men: Ray Downs of the class of 1943, Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Fogg, 1944 and 1946, Francis Seely, 1946, and Richard Bryant, Sinclair Thompson, and Sarah Wylie, 1945.

But let us speak briefly now on what I think has been McCormick's greatest contribution to foreign missions: the building of the Presbyterian Church in Korea. From these halls in the days of your great missionary awakening went forth the key men in what became one of the most successful missions of the last century: Samuel A. Moffett, William Baird, Samuel Gifford, of the class of 1888; Graham Lee and William Swallen, 1892; J. Edward Adams, 1894; William Blair, 1901; and Charles Allen Clark, 1902. They were not the founders of the Church in Korea, but in a real sense they were its builders and organizers, and they gave it the shape of greatness.

When my father left the treaty port of Seoul in 1893 to push into the interior with the Gospel, he took as his center of operation the wicked city of Pyengyang, and became the first resident Protestant missionary in all of north Korea. He was stoned in the streets as he entered town. He used to tell us boys that he was glad he was a thin man because not so many stones can hit a thin man. At any rate stones could not drive him out of town. He stayed through persecutions, plagues, and wars to proclaim the good news of salvation in Jesus Christ. He stayed to see that city become a town transformed. By the time I was born it was no longer called the "wickedest city in Korea." People in the country were calling it a "Christian city." It had become the largest mission station in the world. There were over fifty Presbyterian churches in the town and immediate suburbs.

Two waves of persecution have not destroyed it. First came the Japanese militarists attacking with State Shinto. Then the Communist avalanche. But still the Church stands. It has done more than stand. They say that, since 1950, despite the total devastation of modern war, the Presbyterian Church in Korea has doubled in size.

Some time ago I heard a man tell how one day before the armistice he stood at the front line watching Korean refugees slip across the Parallel into freedom.

Here come those "crazy Koreans" as some of our boys called them—thin lines of refugees; everything they had in the world they had left behind except for a few things the women had snatched up and gathered together in a piece of dirty cloth, making little bundles which they bore on top of their heads. They made their way past the Communist lines, many falling as they ran; they pushed on through No Man's Land feeling their way across the mine fields; as they neared the allied lines, our own men often opened fire, mistaking them for Communist attackers. But still they pushed on to freedom. The first thing those Korean refugees did when they reached the safety of allied lines was to squat down in little circles on the hard ground; the women took the bundles from their heads and they opened them up there, all that they had left in the world; on top of every bundle, almost, was a black book, the Bible; and then those "crazy Koreans" sat there at their little refugee circles and organized themselves into a church!

Crazy Koreans! Those are the unconquerable Christians of Korea. And that is not just a church of refugees as they organize there on the hard ground. That is your church!

It is your church because McCormick has contributed, probably, more than any other seminary to the building of it. But I am not here just to beat the drums of your local pride. It is your church in a better and finer sense. It is your church because we are all one in Jesus Christ.

So that is your church out there. Do not forget it. The unconquerable Christians of Korea stand as a symbol of the new day in missions, the day of the rise of the younger churches. It may well be that in its next 125 years McCormick will be judged not only by how many American missionaries it sends forth into the world, but perhaps even more by how many of the leaders of these younger churches it can attract and train for the continuing task of the evangelization of the world.

And I hope it will be impossible to dismiss a single one of your next 125 years in 10 seconds!



